

Life

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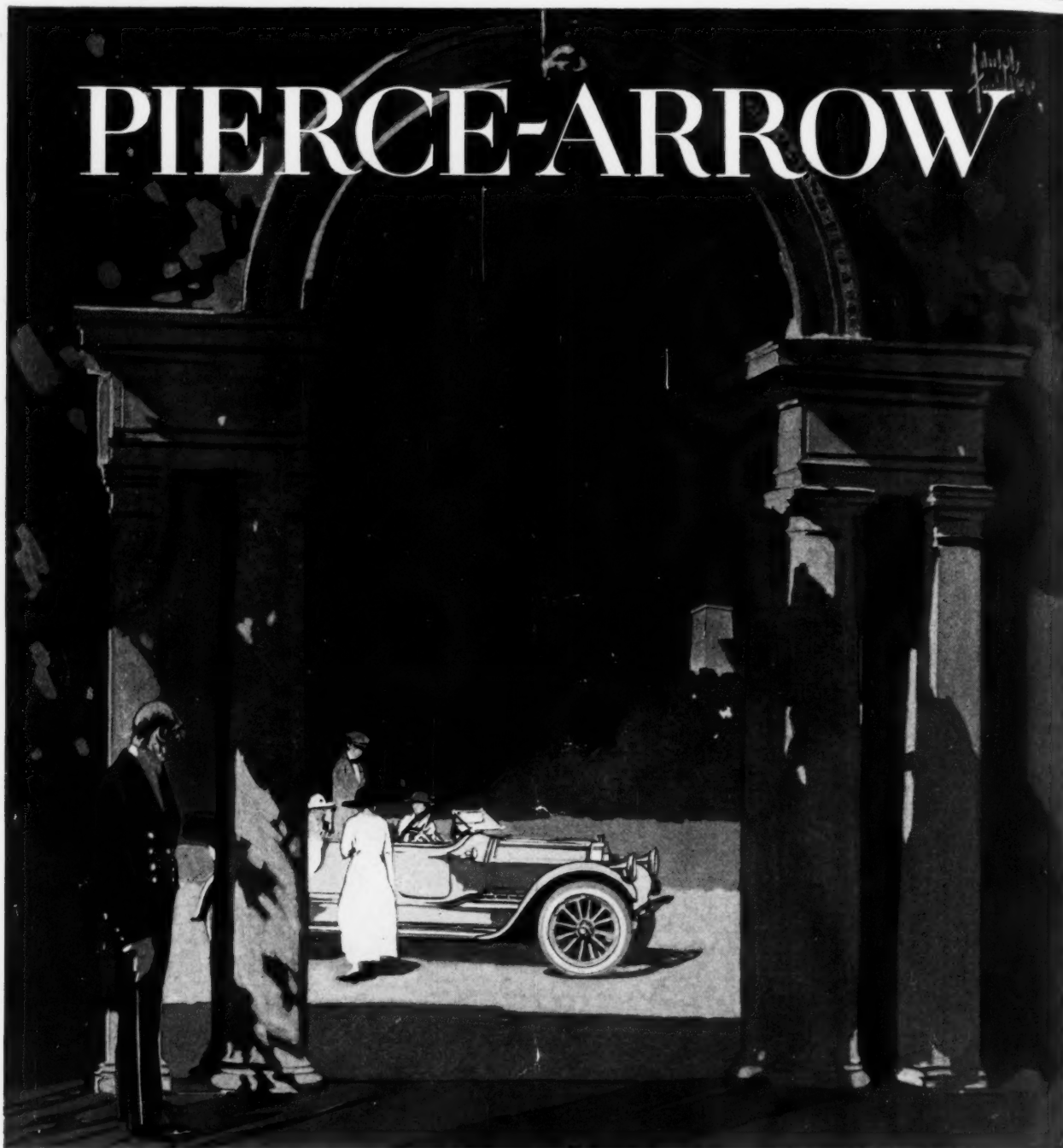
When you finish reading this magazine place a 1-cent stamp on this notice, mail the magazine, and it will be placed in the hands of our soldiers or sailors destined to proceed overseas. No Wrapping; No Address.
A. S. Burleson, Postmaster General.

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THE SUPREMACY OF THE AIR



THE advance of the Pierce-Arrow Car throughout its entire history has been as definite and as symmetrical as the opening of a flower. At each stage it has seemed complete; yet each improvement carries it further and always along the same symmetrical, well-balanced lines.



THE PIERCE-ARROW MOTOR CAR COMPANY,
BUFFALO, N. Y.



It's
toasted



AY, FEBRUARY 18, 1919

On the way down town

After a baked apple for breakfast! Wasn't it good? Tastes better than a raw apple—more flavor. Now — as you light it — notice the delicious "cooked" flavor of your

LUCKY STRIKE
cigarette

It's toasted. Like the apple, it tastes much better "cooked" than "raw" because—

It's toasted



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The American Tobacco Co.
INCORPORATED



You are my next
regular subscriber

and you will be just in time
to receive copies of some of
my great special numbers,
which are

Heroes' Number
Bone-Dry Number
Bolshevik Number

Life

To Keep in Touch With the World

one should see all these special numbers and all are
included in regular subscriptions.

Our soldiers and sailors all ask for *LIFE* in pref-
erence to any other periodical. Copies can be sent
to the A. E. F. in France at domestic rates, provided
no local foreign address be given.

**Special
Offer**

Enclosed
find One Dol-
lar (Canadian
\$1.13, Foreign
\$1.26). Send *LIFE*
for three months to

Open only to new subscribers; no sub-
scriptions renewed at this rate.

LIFE, 17 West 31st Street, New York. 78

One Year, \$5.00. (Canadian, \$5.52; Foreign, \$6.04.)

A Campaign to Protect You in Buying Your Watch

RALPH WALDO EMERSON, speaking in one of his essays of a distinguished man, said: "He is put together like a Waltham Watch."

This remarkable tribute to Waltham greatness is the result of the genius of many men whose inventive faculties have been concentrated for nearly three-quarters of a century to make it the wonderful time-keeping device it is.

The buying of a watch is an investment in time-keeping. And time is the most valuable possession of man.

You purchase a watch for one thing—to keep correct time for you—to tell it to you with dependability at any moment of the day or night.

A good watch, therefore, must have something more than good looks—it must have good "works."

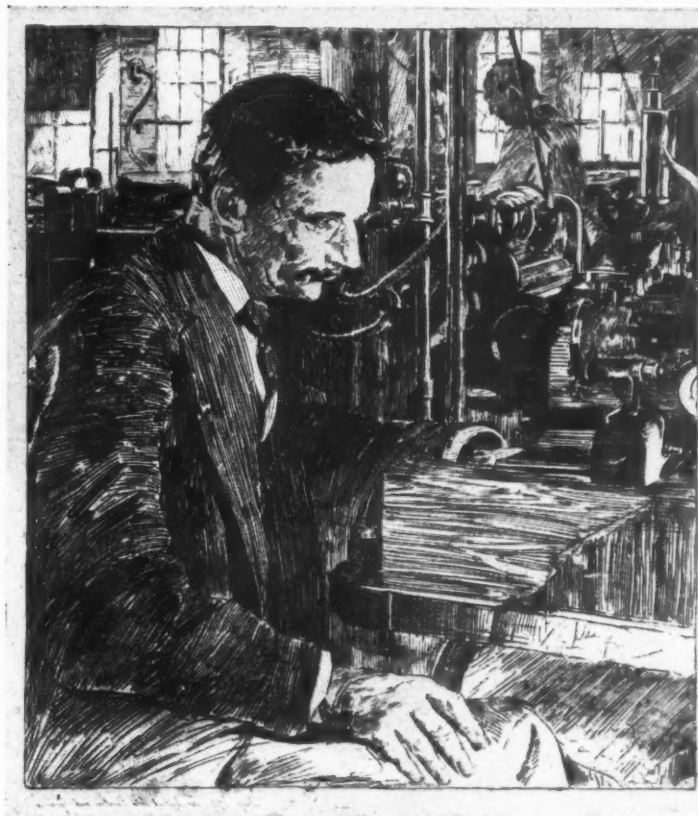
Millions of people imagine that the "best" watch is made abroad—or, at any rate, that its works are imported from there.

Yet, in competitive horological tests at the world's great Expositions, Waltham has not only defeated these watches of foreign origin, but all other watches as well.

In a series of advertisements we are going to show Americans that there is a watch built in the United States whose time-keeping mechanism is more trustworthy than those of foreign make,—

A watch that is easily and reasonably repaired because its parts are standardized,—

A watch that represents American leadership in mechanical skill,—



Duane H. Church, famous inventor who filled the great shops at Waltham, Massachusetts, with exclusive watch-making machinery that performs miracles of accurate and delicate work which the human hand could never equal.

A watch that has revolutionized the art of watch making and assured accurate and dependable time-keeping.

We are going to take you through the "works" of a Waltham—lay bare those hidden superiorities which have led the horological experts of the greatest nations to choose Waltham as *the* watch for the use of their government railroads.

When you have finished reading these advertisements, which will appear regularly in the leading magazines, you will walk up to your jeweler's counter and demand the watch you want—because you will know how it is built and why it is superior to the foreign watch.

Look for these advertisements. Read them.

WALTHAM

THE WORLD'S WATCH OVER TIME

Special
Offer

Enclosed
One Dol-
(Canadian
Foreign
Send LIFE
months to

no sub-

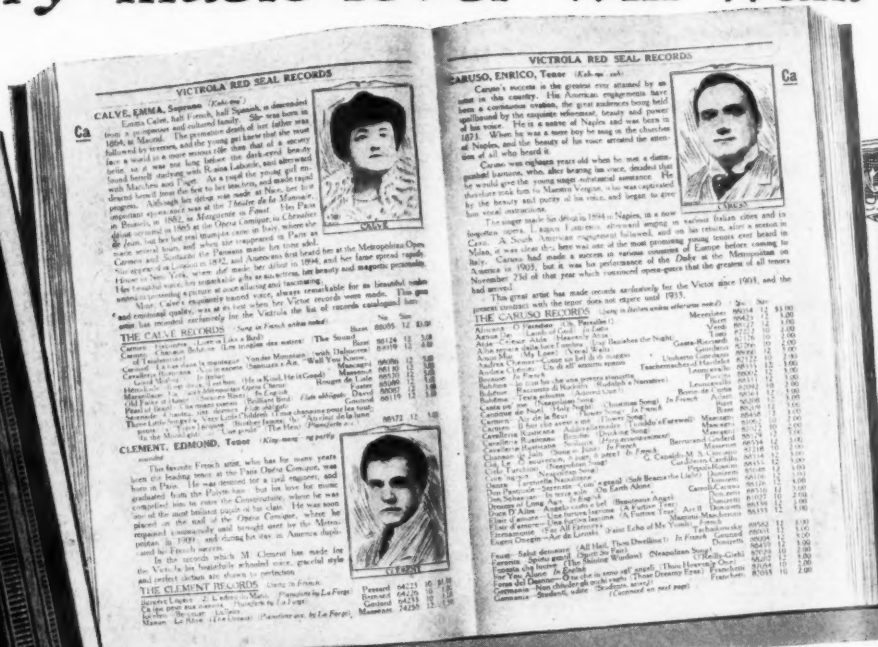
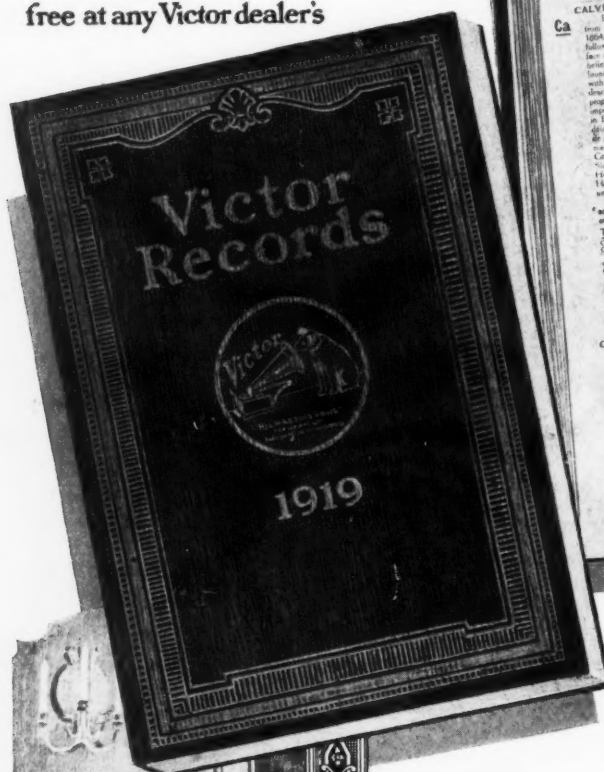
x. 78

\$6.04.)

The world's greatest catalog of music

A book every music-lover will want

New Edition
free at any Victor dealer's



This great book of more than 500 pages, with over 200 portraits and illustrations, is the world's best guide to the enjoyment of music; the index to the greatest library of music ever collected—a living library of the wonderful musical achievements of the world's greatest artists.

It is the only record catalog in which any selection can be found instantly under the name of the composition, the composer or the artist. It contains brief sketches of the most popular operas and illustrations of the scenes; pronunciation of foreign names; biographies of prominent composers; complete Red Seal section with portraits and biographies of the world's greatest artists; list of selected records for new Victor customers, and other features.

**This Victor Record catalog represents
21 years of constant research and tireless effort
and over Eleven Million Dollars of actual expenditure.**

It is a book that bears testimony to the enormous amount of time and money spent in developing the art of recording to its present state of perfection. A tribute to Victor ingenuity and thoroughness; another evidence of Victor supremacy.

Be sure to get a copy of this great catalog of music, whether or not you have a Victrola. It is free at all Victor dealers', or we will mail it free upon request.

Victor Talking Machine Co., Camden, N. J., U. S. A.



Victor Supremacy

LIFE

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"IF I COULD GET SOMEONE TO INVEST A THOUSAND DOLLARS IN THAT SCHEME I COULD MAKE SOME MONEY."

"HOW MUCH WOULD YOU MAKE?"

"WHY, A THOUSAND DOLLARS."

The Easiest Thing He Did

MR. and Mrs. Whipple are an American gentleman and his wife. (You see them occasionally.) They were sitting quietly at home one evening, strange as this may seem. Mrs. Whipple was knitting. Mr. Whipple was reading to-morrow's news in the *Evening Liar*. Suddenly Mrs. Whipple said:

"My dear, I wish you would explain the income tax."

"Do you mean to say that you don't know about the income tax?"

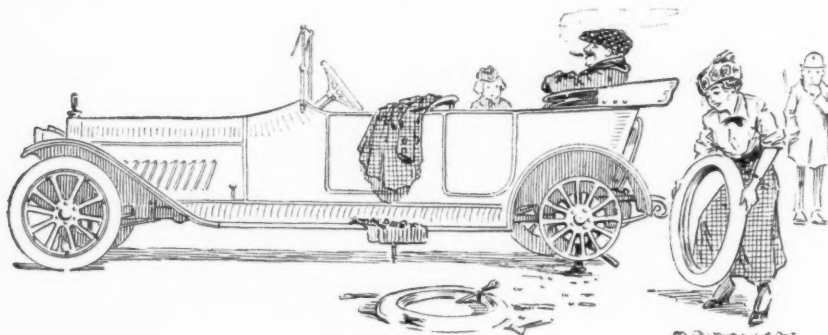
"Well, of course, I know in a general way that it is a tax upon incomes, but I want the particulars. You, being an up-to-date American citizen, naturally are familiar with the facts. Just put it as briefly and lucidly as possible."

Mr. Whipple blushed with confident joy.

"Delighted," he replied. "Listen carefully. After finding out what your income is for the fiscal year, you deduct two thousand dollars, but in case you are married or divorced, you add fifteen hundred, and then divide this by ten, subtract five and multiply by eight, carefully adding the Senate bill number 341,893. From this time forward you begin to add surtaxes, in proportion to the amount of your excess taxes collected at the source of the Nile, or *vice versa*. You then figure up your dividends, and the interest on the Liberty Bonds—if you haven't sold them yet—you deduct—provided that no retroactive measure has passed Congress meanwhile. To this you add the services of two corporation lawyers, an uncle and your business partner, and make a trial balance of the result. If it agrees with the number of your



"HONEST! THERE'S NOTHING TO TELL."



THE AFTERMATH

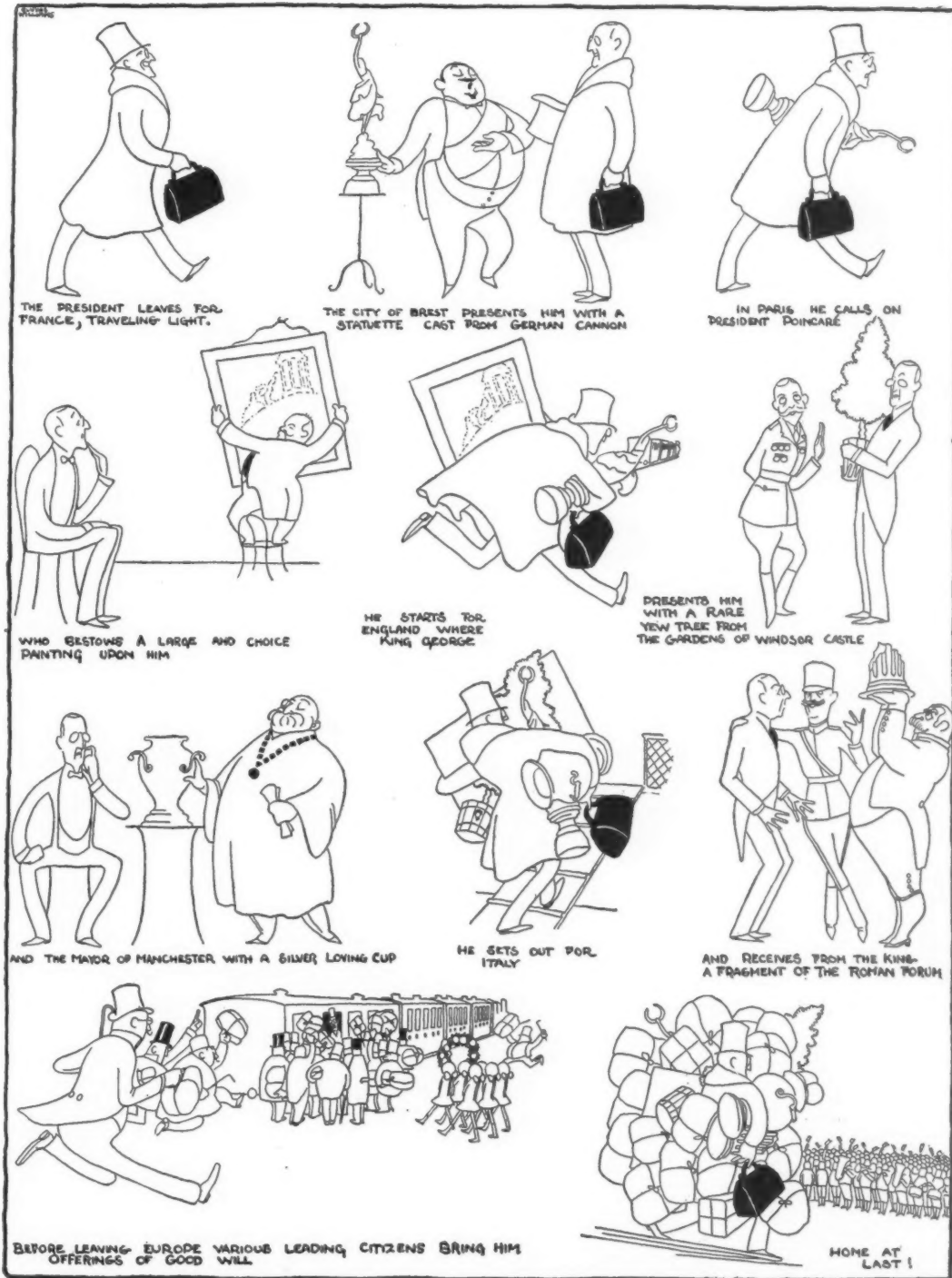
THE MAN WHOSE WIFE WAS A MEMBER OF THE MOTOR SQUAD

family, provided there have been no deaths, you then add the inheritance tax and the combined ages of all the sons you have fighting in the trenches. Is that plain?"

"Wonderfully so," replied Mrs. Whipple. "But then, as an American business man, you always were so lucid!"

"WELL, there's one thing about it—there have been no American war atrocities."

"Um. I guess you haven't seen any of the proposed plans for local monuments to soldiers and sailors."



HARDSHIPS OF A POPULAR TRAVELER

Court

AS when some day within a crowded court
They usher in a prisoner to the dock,
There strikes into the heart a sudden shock,
Something familiar in the face and port;
Then memory wrings from you a stifled cry,
Knowing the bosom friend of far-off days,
Whose promise fair a thousand hopes did raise;
You rise and go, lest he should catch your eye.

So standest thou, Germania, at the bar,
Once our dear comrade in the wander years.
How shall we hear thy crimes and check our tears
For the quenched glory of the morning star?
Yet what can tears avail? Hush! Let us go:
Her deepest fall is that she does not know!

Darl MacBoy.

Barnard, St. Gaudens and Lincoln

BARNARD'S Lincoln is not accepted by many people as a satisfactory presentation of Lincoln. But it has had at least one effect. It has damaged St. Gaudens' Lincoln.

Barnard's Lincoln is a rail-splitter in a bad frock coat, and Lincoln the presidential aspirant and President was far removed from rail-splitting. But Barnard's rail-splitter makes St. Gaudens' Lincoln look like a bank-president: a good one, to be sure, but a bank-president.

Lincoln was no more bank-president than he was rail-splitter. He was a country lawyer by occupation, but that matters little. A statue that emphasized the country lawyer in him might be more defective than either of the others.

The sculptor's job with Lincoln is with his spirit; to catch that, in spite of his garb and his boots and his bones, and hold it in bronze. Barnard hasn't done it successfully, but he is at least successful in challenging St. Gaudens.

It ought to be done. Some day it will be done. There is constant progress in understanding Lincoln.



Mrs. Plump: OH, HENRY, IT'S JUST LIKE FLYING!



The Stork: CAN THIS BE THE RIGHT HOUSE?

Merely Making Faces

JOYFUL at the success of the bone-dry amendment, officers of the W. C. T. U. are quoted as announcing that the next fight will be against cigarettes, with bouts to follow with gambling and profanity.

But, after all, it wasn't the W. C. T. U. that put over the bone-dry amendment. It was the Anti-Saloon League, an exceedingly practical organization that seems to know what it is about, and has not yet given public evidence of a disposition to tackle anything but rum. The W. C. T. U. may propose, but it seems to be the Anti-Saloon League that has the brains and other facilities for disposition, and without its concurrence the W. C. T. U. propositions need not scare anybody.

The Main Mystery

WILLIE WILLIS: Pa, what do they mean when they speak of the "mysteries of the East"?

PAPA WILLIS: How so many people in New York get along without working.



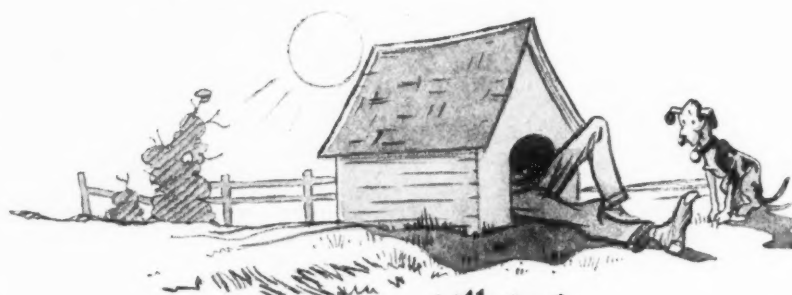
The Wife: DON'T WORRY, DEAREST, IT WILL BE ALL RIGHT! I AM FILLING YOUR JOB



mess



at ease



billeted



long winter evenings at the club



irresistible water

C. J. WOOD

The Biograph

EDWARD MANDELL HOUSE

THE wizard Colonel, E. M. House,
That gray and silent Super-mouse,
For shrewd Diplomacy is truly
The greatest Man since Mr. Dooley.
As Omar's lyric Saying goes,
"He knows about it all, HE knows."
And what he knows, or deems Essen-
tial,
At mystic Councils Presidential
In necromantic Robes arrayed,
He tells!—and History is made
Our Merlin, Texas-born and bred,
Foretold the War, oh, Months ahead,
And warned the Potentates to drop it.
(I don't know why he didn't stop it.)
This Pearl of future LL.Ds.
Invented "Freedom of the Seas,"
And soon will clear away the Hazes
Involving that and other Phrases.
He seeks no Cheers from fickle
Throats,
Nor (for himself) desires Votes
For any Post—the Lord's Anointed
Don't need such Things; they Get Ap-
pointed. *Arthur Guiterman.*

Advice to a Prospective Pedestrian



DO not get off a car back-
ward. Learn to
jump on top of
the nearest Ford and roll off onto the
sidewalk.

When you are run over, look pleas-
ant. Nothing disturbs a driver more
than to have the people he runs over
look cross at him.

In case of your death, notify your
family. Nobody else will have time.

Display your number conspicuously.
Your wife will thus be able to identify
you the more easily in the common
pedestrian graveyard provided by the
city.

Remember that you are giving your
life, not to your country, but to your
city. The city expects it, and would
be disappointed if you didn't.

Good-bye!

SHE: Well, I see that we are going
to get our divorce.

HE: What a relief! Now we can
see each other occasionally without
any sense of responsibility.



"OH, MAMMA! HOW CAN THAT ANIMAL AFFORD A COAT LIKE YOURS?"

Chafing

IF chafing will do the trick, then the end
of the real end of the war ought soon
to be within sight. The fighting men in
all the armies now lined up at parade
rest along the Rhine are reported to be
chafing because they would rather be
home than standing around and en-
joying the scenery in somebody else's
fatherland. And the American peace
delegates are reported to be chafing be-
cause things on the other side are not
happening fast enough to suit them.
The peace business is progressing alto-

gether too slowly. Everybody would
like to see it speeded up, American
fashion. All this delay chafes us.

Perhaps it is only natural that Amer-
icans should be the chief chafers—more
chafed against than chafing, as it were.
France and England and Belgium did
their chafing early, while America de-
layed her decision. Now that it has come
our turn to chafe, by all means let us
chafe. Only let us remember that the
Peace Congress will have to do a lot
of long-distance delaying before Amer-
ica can say she has had her full share
of the chafing.



THE STATUE OF BOLSHEVISM

To the Nineteenth Hole of Golf

*Farewell, a Long Farewell, to All Thy
Wetness*

FAREWELL, O Nineteenth Hole!
Oft have I succumbed to thy extensive variety!

In beakers of old ale, in the amber gleam of brave Milwaukee,
In the sparkling highball, the translucent gin-rickey;

The deep and mellow Bourbon, the colorful claret punch;

And e'en that model of bibulous efficiency, the seductive Martini.

Or those twin brothers of the effete East, Bronx or Manhattan.

Departing, thou hast left behind thee, one and all, a long train of reverential recollection.

It is sad to dwell upon thy noble and uplifting spirits:

The guilty score, the irreconcilable slice on the eighth tee, the shattered niblick and the undeveloped putt—

These thy sympathetic presence softened and gave to countless dub

shots the hallowed glow of human charity.

Farewell, thou limpid link of comradeship, that bound me to my fellow golfers,

As if the gods above, in unison, had tossed their nectar down with us
And crowned us with their gifts of high imagination and eternal friendship;

While now, sunk to the crude and vulgar level of the common Prohibitionist,

We must sit on drab settees and watch the setting of the sober sun,

Moistened by lonely lemons, josephus navel oranges or bromidic bryan grape juice.

T. L. M.

PARKE: I hear that you and your wife were playing poker last night.
How did you come out?

LANE: I lost.

"Why, I thought your wife lost."

"She did, but I had to pay for it."

THERE is no Europe; what seems so is transition.

HOOVER will soon have the untamed Bolsheviki eating right out of his hand.



HE USED TO THINK THEY WERE FUNNY

Ex-Crown Prince (looking over his old copies of LIFE at his lunch hour):
THERE'S MANY A TRUE WORD SPOKEN IN JEST.



MOVING PICTURE OF A MAN WITH A SILK HAT AFTER A LIGHT SNOW-FALL

Discouraging

"I AM thinking of subscribing to your paper."

"Well, sir, you couldn't do better. It's purely an American paper."

"That's too bad. I want to learn something accurate about the European situation."

THE administration will find it more profitable to the country to demobilize the profiteers than to try to get an indemnity out of Germany.



"PUT THAT IN YER PACK FER LUCK, MISTER, AN' IF YE'LL WAIT A MINUTE I KNOW WHERE THERE'S A BACK YARD FULL OF 'EM."

Victims

WHY not a prohibition movement against mental stimulants? Any man may become at any time a literary dipsomaniac, and nobody even protests. Why is not the deadly effect of reading the first magazine short story ever preached about? When we consider the thousands of victims of this evil, with the toils tightening about them every month, surely something ought to be done about it.

Many hopeless ones subsist almost entirely upon newspaper editorials. They take them the first thing in the morning before breakfast, or even in bed before rising.



She: YOU KISSED SOME OF THOSE FRENCH GIRLS—NOW, DIDN'T YOU?

"YES, DEAR—BUT ALWAYS IN FRENCH."

They will snatch at any editorial that comes along. Some even read those published in the *New York Herald*.

Think of the countless wretches who, gradually growing more enfeebled in intellect, subsist almost solely on jokes and the daily humorous columns in newspapers. What can be done for them? How can they be saved?

Experience

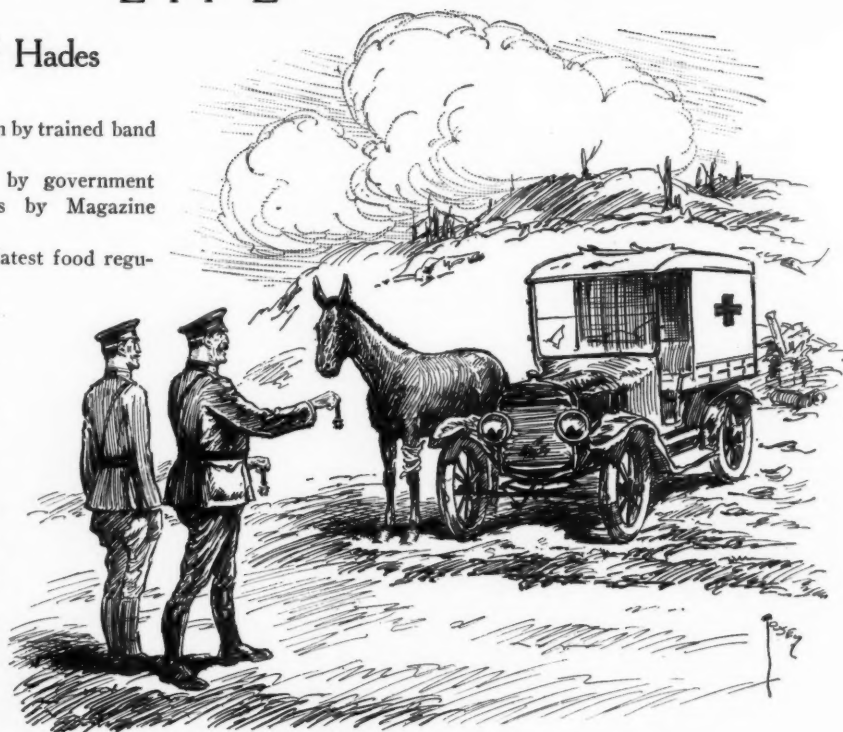
"I WISH I knew what I could use these tiny pieces of cloth for," mused the wife.

"Make guest towels of them," observed the husband.

Government Control of Hades

Program

- 6 A. M.—Brimstone bath and rub down by trained band of selected Prohibitionists.
- 6:30—Home exercises superintended by government experts, with side instructions by Magazine Exercise Advertisers.
- 7 —Hoover breakfast. Memorizing latest food regulations.
- 7:30—Reading aloud from *Congressional Record*.
- 8 —Drill by the head officer of a suburban Home Guard.
- 8:30—Government medical inspector injects brimstone serums.
- 9 —Learning by heart latest income-tax law.
- 10 —Address by Postmaster-General Burleson on Beauties of Zone Law and Wonderful Efficiency of Post Office Department. (During this joyful feature audience will be chained to red-hot seats.)
- 11 —Arrival of mail, four years late.
- 12 M.—Distribution of to-morrow's Hearst papers with all the patriotic news.
- 12:30 P. M.—Arrival of Mayor Hylan.
- 1 —Public apology for everything

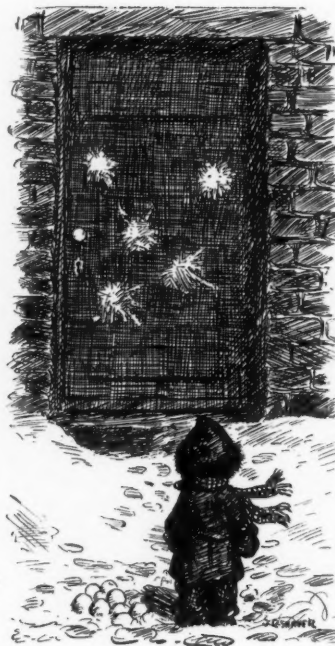


WHILE PASSING OUT THE MEDALS

DON'T FORGET THE FLIVVER AND THE ARMY MULE



"GO AWAY, YOU LITTLE IMP!"



- he has ever done, accompanied by complete history of his past life, by George Creel.
- 2 —Dual explanation by Senators Lodge and Chamberlain of President Wilson's "fourteen points."
- 3 —Joint address by Billy Sunday and W. J. Bryan.
- 4 —Seeing Hades on a government-owned railroad train, stopping at all furnaces for rest and recreation.
- 5 —Street parade of conscientious objectors, headed by Secretary Baker.
- 6 —Moving picture show, featuring, in turn, life and all acts of every member of Congress.
- 7 —Grand ball of former interned German spies, under the auspices of Robert La Follette, W. R. Hearst, J. R. Mann, *et al.*
- 8 —Liquid fire fox-trot. Hose held by income-tax collectors and walking delegates.
- 9 —Grand assemblage at government-controlled reservoir.
- 10 —"All in!"

T. L. M.



THE IDEALIST

The Farmerette

BEHOLD the gentle farmerette,
The well-known war to win,
Arrayed like Solomon, and yet
Toils not, nor does she spin.

'Tis not because she shirks the toil.
Dear, no! She will avow
That she just loves to plow the soil,
But hates to soil the plow.

Her martial conversation leans
To gardens, in a row.
She grows quite warlike talking beans,
To make the beanstalk grow.

She scorns the slackers, those who shirk,
For labor teaches thrift,
And does not shift her eight hours' work,
But works her eight-hour shift.

She proudly claims her labors bore
The fruits of work well done.
Her one-piece jumper won that war,
Because she wore that one.

No failure she, we all agree,
In spite of all the chaff.
She might not raise the crops, but she
Could always raise a laugh.

Sam S. Stinson.



Tommy: I WANTA GIVE YE A WARNIN', CAPTAIN. SIS HAS BEEN FIXIN' AN ENTANGLEMENT ON THAT DIVAN



"ACH, FRITZ, DIS DEMOCRACY ISS TERRIBLE. VE HAF NOW NO VUN TO LOOK UP TO."
"VORSE AS DOT, HANS, VE HAF NOD ANYVUN TO LOOK DOWN ON EXCEPT OUR VIFES."

Post-Bellum Suggestions for Army Officers

THE gold bars of a second lieutenant make excellent *lingerie* pins for wives and sweethearts.

Field glasses can be used effectively in back of the twelfth row at the theatre.

Military trousers may be worn for golf.

Commissions, when framed and hung on the wall, look like Harvard diplomas.

The black and gold cords on service hats can be used with telling effect in milady's coiffure.

Sam Brown belts, when disassembled, can be used for razor straps.

Woolen roll puttees can be cut up and nailed down for weather strips.

Silver eagles worn by colonels can pass for brooches on any woman's waist.

Spurs can be used, after short practice, for cancelling cheques or making hamburg steak.

Any schoolboy can strap his textbooks in an officer's belt.

An officer's whistle makes a neat gift for your favorite postman.



"UND VE VILL FORGET UND FORGIF—EH—SO?"

"OH, SURE! SAY, JUST REPEAT THAT IN FRENCH TO MY FRIEND HERE, WILL YOU?"

Kings and Emperors

KINGS and Emperors shall pass
Like the sands within the glass.

See them passing even now,
Shorn of power, and bent of brow!

Purblind they who saw not Fate
Standing by the palace gate;

Deaf were they, and their reward
Is the Justice of the Lord!

Clinton Scollard.

THINGS you never find in the best
sellers, although they abound in
real life:

Flannel night-shirts.

Saturday-night baths.

People who freeze their own ice-cream.

Souvenir postcards.

A man in love with his own wife.

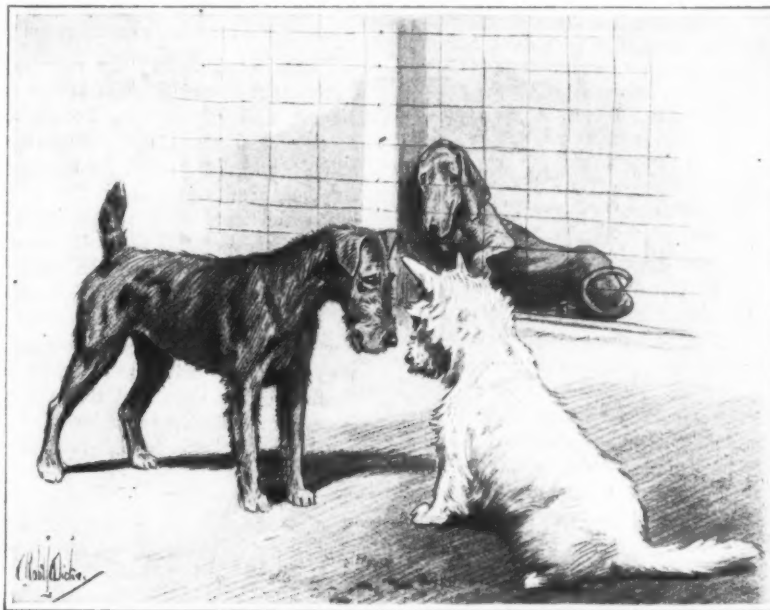
A Ford.

A hero with a beard.

A fat heroine.

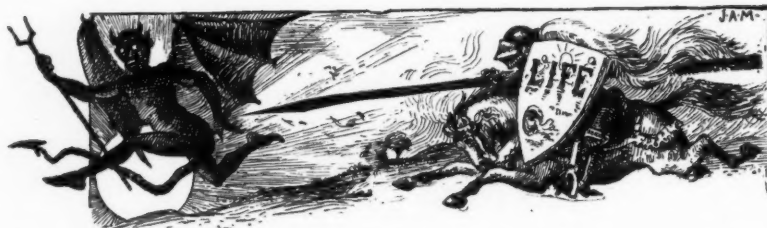
A parlor.

Sunday schools.



Paddy: WHAT SHALL WE DO ABOUT FRITZ, THE DACHSHUND?

Jock: WELL, I THINK HE OUGHT TO PAY AN INDEMNITY OF AT LEAST TEN
GOOD BONES.



FEBRUARY 13
1919

"While there is Life there's Hope"

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FRANK J. MATHER of Princeton, a good and accomplished man, communicating his sad thoughts to the *Evening Post* in a letter from Rome, starts off by saying:

If the President's trip shows what it is to "make the world safe for Democracy," the less we have of it the better. I am sick of the whole phrase and frankly say that in my opinion if that is all or the chief thing for which the terrible war has been fought, "the game is not worth the candle."

And he winds his letter up with this:

I am sorry for the coming generation. The devil isn't dead, nor are his cohorts. One need not go to Holy Writ for instances of his power and persistence. I see but one hope for humanity, and I am not sanguine about that; a genuine revival of Christianity—of religion at least. *In hoc signo vinces*—and in that alone.

If, on December 20th, when he wrote, Mr. Mather was still persuaded that the President's trip was an abhorrent spectacle, that may have been merely an effect of the Princeton atmosphere transported to Rome—for, of course, in Princeton, where "they know Wilson," he will always be an accidental and no-good prophet. And Mr. Mather wrote before Mr. Wilson went to Italy and before his labors in the Peace Council had helped to bring about the League of Nations. But as to Democracy, his sentiments will find much sympathy. The world is going to have a devil of a time with it, of course, and would be glad to try something else if there were anything else left to try. But

there is nothing else left. Democracy is not the world's choice because it is so pleasing or so perfect, but because the other methods have gone bust. Frank Crane said of it the other day on the back page of the *Globe*:

There is no perfect government. Monarchy was imperfect and the world has rejected its idea. Socialism seems perfect to its believers, but it is a ghost that never was a man.

Democracy contains a promise of permanence because it is not a system of government at all, it is not an ideal—that is to say, it is not a fixed theory, but merely the self-expression of existing men.

Thus it is a growth. It is a human thing. Sometimes its head is light, but its feet are always on the ground.

That's not bad, but the more you think about it, and think of Hylan and Hearst, and Bryan, and Borah, and Kitchin, and Dent, and Sherman of Illinois, and Lodge and Johnson, and standing armies and fleets and Prohibition and woods full of strange creatures, and speculate how Democracy that is afflicted with all these incidents and millions more is going to contrive so much complicated government as our retrioked world is going to require, the more one is driven to rest with Mr. Mather in the sentiment that the one hope for humanity is "a genuine revival of Christianity—of religion at least."



HE might better, perhaps, have put it, "a revival of genuine Christianity," for a very large proportion of the

Christianity which zealous persons are trying now to put over on the world is not Christianity at all. The W. C. T. U. supposes, of course, that total abstinence is Christian, and the Anti-Saloon League, whether it thinks so or not, is not trying to dissuade from that opinion any one who holds it. The political fight against rum and the rum traffic, which the anti-salooners with the help of church people have been carrying on with so much spirit and success, is a fine fight and legitimate enough, but it is not a fight for religion. In so far as it proclaims total abstinence from intoxicants as a moral obligation, it is distinctly anti-Christian, and in so far as it proposes to compel responsible people to accept total abstinence against their wills, it is a gross and abominable tyranny, and a tyranny of democratic government at that. The thing can't last. It is too brutal, too crude. It is not based either in wisdom or justice. It will not do good, but harm, except as possibly it may compel a thorough and country-wide revision of the whole business of the manufacture, sale and distribution of intoxicants. We have learned in the war something about control of the manufacture, sale and distribution of things, and this new knowledge may presently be applied to the case of intoxicants.



THE anti-salooners think they have won a great victory, and are about to be hailed as saviors of mankind, but what they have really won is admission to a free fight. They have beaten the liquor-dealers, and a good job, but they have not beaten mankind yet, and in the end they won't. In a fight between them and the liquor-dealers as to which shall exploit mankind, there may not be much choice; but in a fight between them and mankind, there will be plenty of choice, and mankind will be an easy favorite.

Whatever happens to whiskey and distilled liquors, mankind will continue to lean at least on wine and beer and the milder intoxicants, unless, indeed, some new stimulant turns up that beats them. The times being so queer and the unexpected so very liable to occur,



LIFE ·



D. Conacher
1918

IPPERARY ! ”



"MY GOOD OL' BED"



Whither They Take Us



ONE needn't necessarily travel to become cosmopolitan. A tour of the New York theatres serves the same purpose. No amount of journeying could give one a more intimate acquaintance with bachelor life in the great capitals of London, Paris and New York than might be gained by seeing "Tiger! Tiger!" "Sleeping Partners," "Three Wise Fools" and "Daddies." "A Little Journey" would give us a close knowledge of the amenities and vicissitudes of a cross-continent railway trip which may result in our mixing with the divorce colony at Reno in "Lightnin'" and feeling the atmosphere of San Francisco's Chinatown in "East Is West." In California we might enter another circle of society by becoming acquainted with "Cappy Ricks."



IF we wish to go abroad we have a wide choice. We may know pre-Bolshevikian Russia through Tolstoy's eyes in "Redemption," or have a glimpse of Danish life in "The Riddle: Woman," and of Prussian militarism in "Three Faces East." We may glance at peasant

life in Belgium as it used to be in "The Betrothal," and get the atmosphere of midsummer England in "Dear Brutus." Dunsany's plays take us to the Orient of mythical times, and the girl-and-music shows whirl us all over the world wherever there are to be found possibilities of pretty women and bright costumes. If we are not fed up with the recent war we can get into the trenches again in "The Better 'Ole" and "The Big Chance," or enjoy a bombardment in "The Crowded Hour." We can also re-experience the American war feeling in "Friendly Enemies." Back in America we can study New York's ghetto life in "Little Brother," sense some of its taint with "The Woman in Room 13," or even go to jail in "The Unknown Purple." We can be introduced to the more amusing side wittily at "Tea for Three" and flashily "Up in Mabel's Room." We can have a flavor of old New Orleans with Mrs. Fiske's "Mis' Nelly," and get a

close-up of the Greenwich Village freaks in "Hobohemia."

Rather an expensive way of gaining an education, this, but fairly comprehensive, even if somewhat distorted.



THREE of Dunsany's plays at a sitting try the digestion for the fanciful, and Mr. Stuart Walker's selections have laid stress on the author's fondness for bringing in prophets as dramatic accessories. The prophets in two plays of the more recent bill—"The Golden Doom" and "King Argimenes"—are fortunately not so tiresome as the one in "The Laughter of the Gods." In fact, both of the later examples are more interesting, and the joining to them of a revival of "The Gods of the Mountain" enables the beginner in the study of Dunsany to get a fairly complete idea of the workings of his talent. It is seen at its best in "The Gods of the Mountain," for here both story and dialogue are more interesting than in his other plays, and the play is logically and consistently rounded out. "The Golden Doom" has a strange suggestion of sym-



"AUTHOR! AUTHOR!"

bolism, and "King Argimenes" seems a bit loose-jointed in construction. However, the theatrical world should be grateful to Dunsany for his introduction of an entirely new note. He has opened up a new mine of fanciful interest and possibilities in which others beside himself may work to the general advantage.

The plays lend themselves nicely to Mr.

Walker's methods, and he has done them full justice, considering the facilities at his command. After seeing the Dunsany plays at the little theatres it is allowable to wonder what they would be like if done with the spectacular resources of the Hippodrome or the Metropolitan.

Metcalfe.

Confidential Guide

Astor.—"East Is West," by Messrs. Shipman and Hymer, with Fay Bainter. The charming star making picturesque a race drama of life mainly in Chinese San Francisco.

Belasco.—"Tiger! Tiger!" by Edward Knoblock, with Frances Starr. Intimate study of the sex adventure in the life of a London bachelor, excellently presented.

Belmont.—"Little Brother," by Messrs. Goldsmith and James. Powerful and well acted drama of ghetto life in New York.

Bijou.—"Sleeping Partners," by Sacha Guitry, with Mr. H. B. Warner. The Parisian bachelor in his favorite game—pursuing his neighbor's wife—wittily pictured.

Booth.—"The Woman in Room 13," by Messrs. Shipman and Marcin. Melodrama of marital troubles, ingenious in plot and well acted.

Broadhurst.—"The Melting of Molly," by Davies, Smith and others. Girl-and-music show of the usual type.

Casino.—"Sometime," by Young and Friml. Tuneful girl-and-music show.

Central.—"Somebody's Sweetheart," by Messrs. Price and Bafunno. The fiddling of Nonette lending an air of novelty to a rather bright girl-and-music show.

Century Roof.—Cabaret interfering with early retiring.

Century.—"The Betrothal," Maeterlinck's sequel to "The Blue Bird." Picturesque, poetic and symbolic spectacle.

Cohan and Harris.—"Three Faces East," by Mr. A. P. Kelly. Interesting and well played spy drama.

Comedy.—"Toby's Bow." Notice later.

Cort.—"The Better 'Ole," by Messrs. Bairnsfather and Eliot. The fun of the trenches dramatized successfully from the artist's comic sketches.

Criterion.—"Three Wise Fools," by Mr. Austin Strong. Amusing study of the life of three New York bachelors.

Eltinge.—"Up in Mabel's Room," by Messrs. Collision and Harbach. Very diverting farce.

Empire.—"Dear Brutus," by Sir J. M. Barrie, with Mr. William Gillette. Dramatic extravaganza dealing humorously with character development.

Forty-fourth Street.—"Sinbad" making its seventh voyage from the Winter Garden to somewhere else. Fine, big g.-and-m. show for the t. b. m.

Forty-fourth Street Roof.—Norah Bayes in "Ladies First." Fun and music with the star the principal provider.

Forty-eighth Street.—"The Big Chance," by Messrs. Morris and Mack, with Mary Nash. Dramatic exposition of the war's function as an expander of character.

French.—Repertory of French plays by imported company. Educational in a way and enjoyable for those who know French.

Fulton.—"The Riddle: Woman," with Mme. Bertha Kalich. Blackmail in Denmark with the star picturesque.

Gaiety.—"Lightnin'," by Messrs. Winchell Smith and Frank Bacon. The divorce atmosphere of Reno applied to an amusing and well acted character comedy.

Globe.—"The Canary" with Julia Sanderson and Mr. Jos. h Cawthorn. Girl-and-music show with the stars well cast.

Greenwich Village.—"Hobohemia."

Harris.—"The Invisible Foe," by Mr. Walter Hackett. Spiritualism demonstrated in old-fashioned sentimental drama.

Henry Miller's.—"Mis' Nelly of N'Orleans," by Mr. Laurence Eyre, with Mrs. Fiske. Notice later.



Manhattan.—"The Eyes of Youth" with Marjorie Rambeau. Mysterious unfolding of the possibilities of a woman's career.

Marine Elliott's.—"Tea for Three," by Mr. R. C. Megrue. Delightfully acted and witty polite American comedy.

Morosco.—"Cappy Ricks," by Mr. E. E. Rose. Mr. Tom Wise in a jolly depiction of a well drawn character.

Park.—Repertory of opera comique by the Society of American Singers.

Playhouse.—"Forever After," by Mr. Owen Davis, with Alice Brady. The war applied in small doses to revivify an old-fashioned sentimental play.

Plymouth.—"Tolstoy's 'Redemption'" with Mr. John Barrymore. Well staged and well acted drama of Russian degeneracy.

Princess.—"Oh, My Dear," by Messrs. Bolton, Wodehouse and Hirsch. Bright girl-and-music show in pocket edition.

Punch and Judy.—Repertory of short plays. See above.

Republic.—Florence Reed in "Roads of Destiny." Ingenious episodic play dealing with the workings of Fate.

Schwyn.—"The Crowded Hour," by Messrs. Schwyn and Pollock, with Jane Cowl. The star as a New York telephone girl holding up the recent war.

Shubert.—"Good Morning, Judge." Notice later.

Thirty-ninth Street.—"Keep It to Yourself." Adapted from the French by Mr. Mark Swan. Extremely high-flavored but laughable farce.

Vanderbilt.—"A Little Journey," by Rachel Crothers. Amusing episodes in a sleeping-car trip.

Winter Garden.—"Monte Cristo, Jr." Notice later.

Ziegfeld's Frolics.—Cabaret divertissement for night-hawks.



"SAY, OLD TOP, IF YOU HAPPEN TO SEE A MAIL-PLANE COMING YOUR WAY, WILL YOU POST THIS VALENTINE FOR ME?"

Hippodrome.—"Everything." Ballet, spectacle and vaudeville on big scale.

Hudson.—"Friendly Enemies," by Messrs. Shipman and Hoffman, with Messrs. Mann and Bernard. Laughable and pathetic setting forth of the difficulties of the American of German birth during the recent war.

Longacre.—"Just Around the Corner," by Messrs. Hobart and Hall, with Marie Cahill. Notice later.

Lyceum.—"Daddies," by Mr. John L. Hobbie. Charming exposition of the influence of the French war orphan on the heart of the American old bachelor.

Lyric.—"The Unknown Purple," by Messrs. West and Moore. Novel crime melodrama.

Manhattan.—"The Eyes of Youth" with Marjorie Rambeau. Mysterious unfolding of the possibilities of a woman's career.

Marine Elliott's.—"Tea for Three," by Mr. R. C. Megrue. Delightfully acted and witty polite American comedy.

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Mars: WONDER HOW LONG THEY'LL HANG TOGETHER

The Babies' Fund



GASTON COURT,
BABY 2906

IT'S hard to stop a Yank, either in war or well-doing. LIFE's readers are Yanks all the way through, if we can judge by the way they keep on giving money for the French war orphans. This money we are glad to send across, as there is still need of it, even though the war is over.

Many of those who have come to know the babies through an exchange of letters with the mothers seem to be enough interested to wish to keep up the acquaintance thus begun. Some of these good Americans wish to send gifts to their French protégés, and write to ask us how it may be



SMALL WONDER HE JUMPED. THEY PUT HIM
ON A COMMITTEE WITH HEARST



Industries: HEY THERE, LET ME OUT! DON'T YOU KNOW THE WAR IS OVER!

done. Sums of money we are glad to forward with our own remittances through the Fraternité in Paris. Other gifts may be sent by parcels post or express direct from the donors to the persons for whom they are intended. The war embargoes have been lifted, and LIFE's readers who have these generous impulses can learn the particulars of shipment by inquiry at their local post and express offices.

LIFE has received, in all, \$313,370.14, from which we have remitted to Paris 1,703,051.75 francs. We gratefully acknowledge from

Gertrude M. Stanton, St. Petersburg, Florida, for Baby No. 3593..... \$73
George A. Brown, Barre, Mass., for Baby No. 3594..... 73
Red Cross Auxiliary No. 2, Mount Carroll, Ill., for Babies Nos. 3595, 3596 and 3597. 219
French War Orphan LIFE Fund Circle, Clinton, Iowa, for Babies Nos. 3598 to 3604, inclusive..... 511
R. E. D., Beaver Falls, Pa., for Babies Nos. 3607 to 3611, inclusive..... 365
Winifred Lois Border, West Bend, Iowa, for Baby No. 3614..... 219
Engineer Officers' Club, Camp Forrest, Ga., for Babies Nos. 3615, 3616 and 3617.... 73
RENEWALS: Mrs. L. L. Lang, Galt, Ontario, Canada, \$73; S. W. T., Pawtucket, R. I., \$73; Mr. and Mrs. Walter L. Palmer, Albany, N. Y., \$73; Mildred and Dorothy Lauder, Concord, N. H., \$73; In memory of S. A. O. Evanston, Ill., \$73; Bertha M. Reed, Worcester, Mass., \$73; A. H. M. and S. M. B., Ambler, Pa., \$73; Elizabeth Wayne Cooper, New Britain, Conn., \$36.50; D. H. Grandin Milling Co., \$73; Mary E. Dodsworth, Englewood, N. J., \$146; John and S. Douglas Cornell, Buffalo, N. Y., \$36.50; Frances M. Turner, Coronado Beach, Cal., \$73; J. P. Gowing, Chicago, Ill., \$73; H. Bates, Jr., Indianapolis, Ind., \$73; Rosamond Reed, Frances Preble Reed and Katharine Frazer, Pittsburgh, Pa., \$219; X. Y. Z., Montreal, Canada, \$36.50; Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Veiller, New York City, \$73; Mrs. E. S. Westbrook, Omaha, Neb., \$73; Martha J. Elms, Newton, Mass., \$73; Mrs. George B. Witter, Worcester, Mass., \$73; C. W., Los Angeles, Cal., \$73; Julia F. Upson, Akron, Ohio, \$36.50; A Friend from Massachusetts, \$73; Mrs. W. G. Peckham, St. Cloud, Fla., \$73; Hazel Purcell, Alliance, Ohio, \$73; Walter Victor Cotchett, Jr., Bay City, Michigan, \$73.
PAYMENTS ON ACCOUNT: Maud H. Steward, Brooklyn, N. Y., \$36.50; A. P. C., Pace's P. O., Va., \$41; Miss A. F. Johnston, Washington, D. C., \$10; The Current Events Class of Concord, N. H., \$36.60; "An American," Cincinnati, Ohio, \$33; D. M. L., Philadelphia, Pa., \$6; Mr. and Mrs. R. E. Hill, Nunn, Colo., \$3; W. E. Sheehan, Cripple Creek, Colo., \$6.50; Eugene W. Lewis, Detroit, Mich., \$73; The Red Cross Auxiliary of the First Presbyterian Church of East Liverpool, Ohio, \$23; Ruth Santley, Columbus, Ohio, \$15; Herbert K. Salmon, Netcong, N. J., \$3; C. E. Pierce, Joliet, Mont., \$5; Miriam Perdue, Helen Perdue, Elizabeth Johnson and Lillian Taylor, Washington C. H., Ohio, \$12.50.

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Libbie J. Sweetland, Freeville, N. Y..... 10
Margaret Hine Littlefield, Toledo, Ohio..... 5
Officers of Gas School, Chaumont, France..... 4.80
Anonymous, Rockford, Ill..... 3.

BABY NUMBER 3618

Engineer Officers' Club, Camp Forrest, Ga..... \$54.54



IN 1968, LOOKING BACKWARD
WHERE HE WON HIS D. S. C.

Our Allegorical Personal Column

MADAM PROHIBITION, clad in a new watered-silk combination of the vintage of '40, has been visiting in Washington. "My ultimate object," she said when questioned, "is to split up this country into two groups and bring on a civil war."

Fraulein Efficiency, who for the past forty years has been living in Germany, is contemplating changing her residence to a more democratic country. When asked if she would live in the United States, she said with a smile: "The United States is the country that I ultimately expect to use, but I don't believe that you will be ready to receive me properly for several years yet."

The Ice-Cream-Sodas, the Grape Juices, the Malted Milkmen and Mr. and Mrs. Nut Sundae are all building handsome residences at Newport and on upper Fifth Avenue. It is under-

stood that they will all be immensely popular during the coming season.

Young Miss Hearsty Headliner, the popular fiction writer, whose striking headlines have been the talk of three continents or more, will shortly become private secretary to Postmaster General

Burleson, where her unique talent will have full swing.

Madam Wall Street, whose attack of ow fever has been long continued, showed small signs of improvement yesterday. She hasn't slept a wink now for several months.



Divided Opinions Regarding the Blasé Theatregoer

IF you will applaud an uninteresting part of the performance, that no one else seems to care for, you may get credit for artistic discrimination—or you may be regarded as totally ignorant.

If you will sigh deeply when anything new is being done, there are some people who will be impressed with the idea that you are so familiar with theatrical history that you have seen similar innovations tried out many times before with disastrous results—others will frown upon you as being artistically unprogressive.

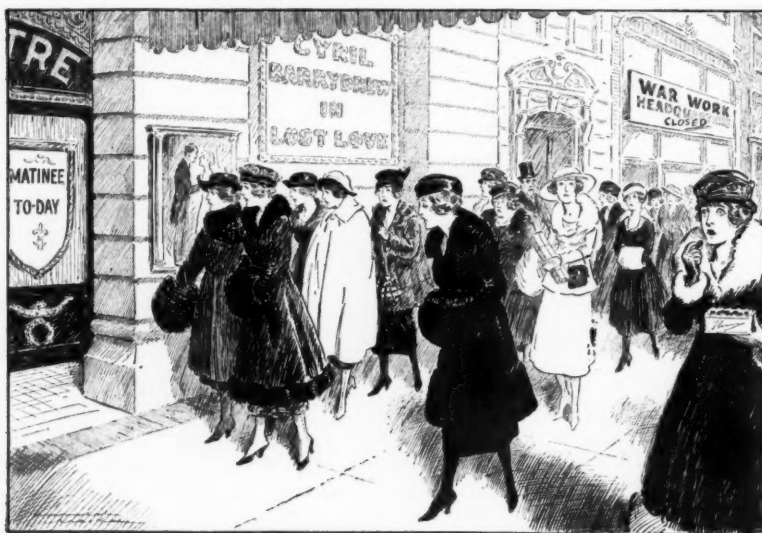
If you will coach your companion, in a loud voice, as to what is coming next, you will be able to convey the idea, to certain of your neighbors, that you have seen the same show, or others like it, many times before—others will naturally regard you as one of those loose-lipped idiots who cannot keep their mouths closed.

If you will speak of the actors and the manager of the theatre by their given names, you may be able to make a certain per cent. of your hearers believe the people you speak of so familiarly have accepted you as an equal—others will conclude that they are working you for something.

If you will quote the bright things the leading comedian said to you yesterday, and give all the details of the



LIFE'S GALLERY OF OLD MASTERS. II
A PANAMA CANAL DIGGER (AFTER REMBRANDT)



BACK TO THE GRIND

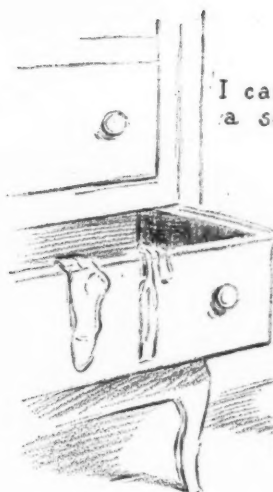
prima donna's private life, as she confided them to you, you can probably delude some gullible folks into believing that you are a bosom friend of both—others will set you down as a monumental liar.

If you will come in late and leave early, you will convey the idea to a limited few that an entire theatrical performance bores you, and that it is only the vital spots that you can manage to endure—others will be more nearly right when they conclude that your better-half has issued an ultimatum as to your coming and going.

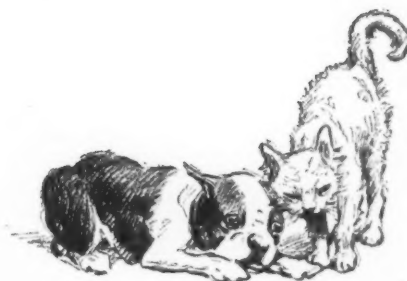
Twenty-One Plus

FIRST SUFFRAGIST: How old do you think Mabel is?

SECOND SUFFRAGIST: Well, I should say she had lost about seventeen votes.



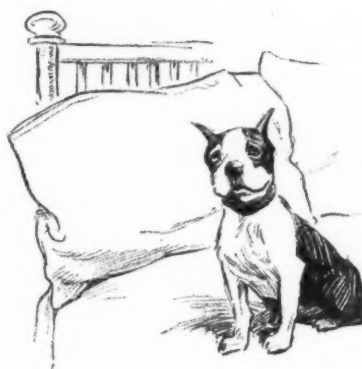
I can't seem to chew
a sock with any zest



I've learned to
tolerate the cat



I can view
a ball with
indifference



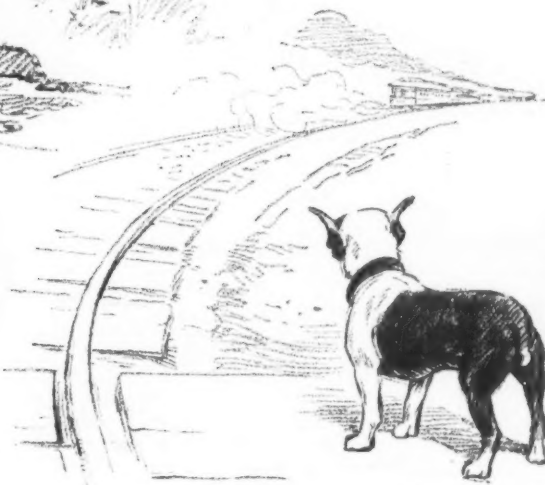
I wonder if I'll
ever muss up a
bed again.



what use are fish
with no fisherman

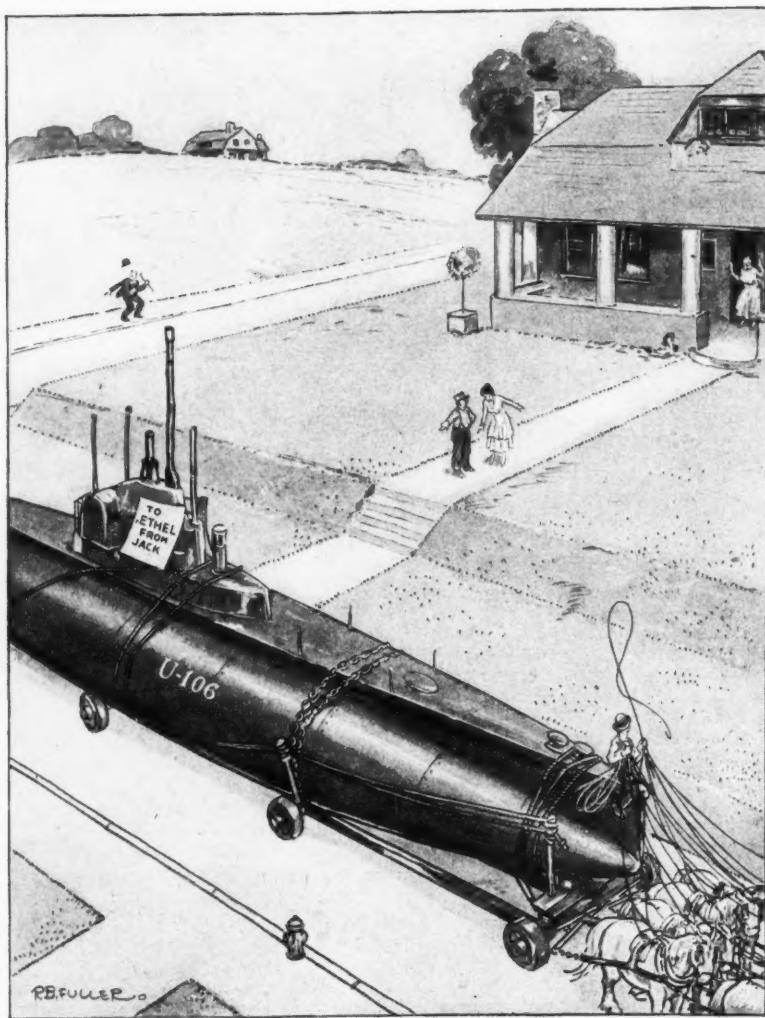


To dig up his flowers
would be sacrilege



-And the 5:15 is now
just a passing train.

WAR IS HELL, INDEED—FOR THE HOME FOLKS!



NIGHTMARE OF A GIRL WHO HAS RECEIVED MANY WAR SOUVENIRS

Civil War Embers

IN response to some recent remarks in LIFE about the quality of the Civil War history said to be diffused in the South by Daughters of the Confederacy, a good many letters have come in, from which it is derivable that there is still objection in the South to admission that slavery caused the Civil War. Some writers very clearly disclosed a preference for the theory that it was an invasion, got up by wicked persons in the North for business reasons connected with tariff, and resisted, of course, by Southerners to the last limit of endurance.

After Sumter was fired on there was, to be sure, an invasion, to which resistance was entirely natural. And

the right to secede was a good fighting proposition. The South said, "We have the right." The North, "We won't let you." And they fought it out.

But could there have been any secession, or any invasion to stop it, without slavery? As we see it, slavery made the situation: it pinned down the South to agriculture, made it restless under tariffs to protect northern manufactures, made it reach out for territory sufficient to maintain its own institutions and its control of the Federal government, and made its leaders long for independent sovereignty. A fundamental cause planted in the Constitution and riveted on the Gulf states by the invention of the cotton gin, brought on the Civil War. The fathers sewed up slavery in our national inside like

a sponge in a wound, and it continued to raise hob until by a terrible surgery we got it out.

But it was by no exclusive fault of the South that slavery fastened on to it. Climate and circumstances made the South the guardian of this most undesirable child of all the colonies.

As for the Daughters of the Confederacy, they take care of a lot of things in the South that need their care besides history. History, in the long run, takes care of itself. If the Daughters get it wrong, or we get it wrong, it won't matter in the end. But the Daughters are many and good, and probably have various opinions, and not even LIFE should speak of them as though they all thought alike or taught identical doctrine.

As to the tall monument to Mr. Davis, one correspondent thinks he well earned it, since his great administrative ability to create military material out of nothing enabled the South to keep the war going four years.

Perhaps he did. To average northern minds he represents that element in the Old South that believed in slavery and would fight for it, whereas Lee and Jackson are thought of as men who went with their people to repel invasion.

Slavery was nothing but a burden to Virginia; an obligation laid on her fidelity and her benevolence. That may be why it comes hard to Virginians to see it as a cause of the Civil War.

E. S. M.



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AUT SCISSORS AUT NULLUS

Something More Wanted

The applicant for the job of office-boy presented his credentials in a manner that bespoke his entire confidence that the position would be his. The sour-looking old gentleman at the head of the establishment read the paper carefully and then surveyed the boy searchingly.

"It is certainly a very nice thing for you to have these recommendations from the minister of your church and your Sunday-school teacher," said he, "and I must admit that you look honest. All the same, I'd like to have a few words from someone that knows you on week-days."—*Harper's*.

"CHARLEY, dear," said young Mrs. Torkins, "have you a minute to spare?"
"Yes."

"Well, I wish you would tell me exactly what is meant by a 'league of nations' and 'freedom of the seas.'"

—*Washington Star*.



"GIVE TILL IT HURTS"

Awful to Contemplate

After a club meeting two women met in the hall.

"I was just thinking about poor Uriah Umson," said one.

"What about him?"

"You know what a lovely home his wife bought with his life insurance money?"

"Yes, of course."

"You know the man who married his widow married again as soon as Mrs. Umson passed away."

"What, again?"

"Yes. That's three times for him."

"No wonder you say poor Uriah!"

"Yes, indeed. Just think how he must feel up there above, looking down on a man he never saw living in his house as his wife's second husband with his third wife."—*Youngstown Telegram*.

Drawing the Line

"So you are a burglar!" said the prison visitor.

"Yes'm, I like other people's property, but I haven't the heart to be an Anarchist an' get it by rough work."

—*Washington Star*.

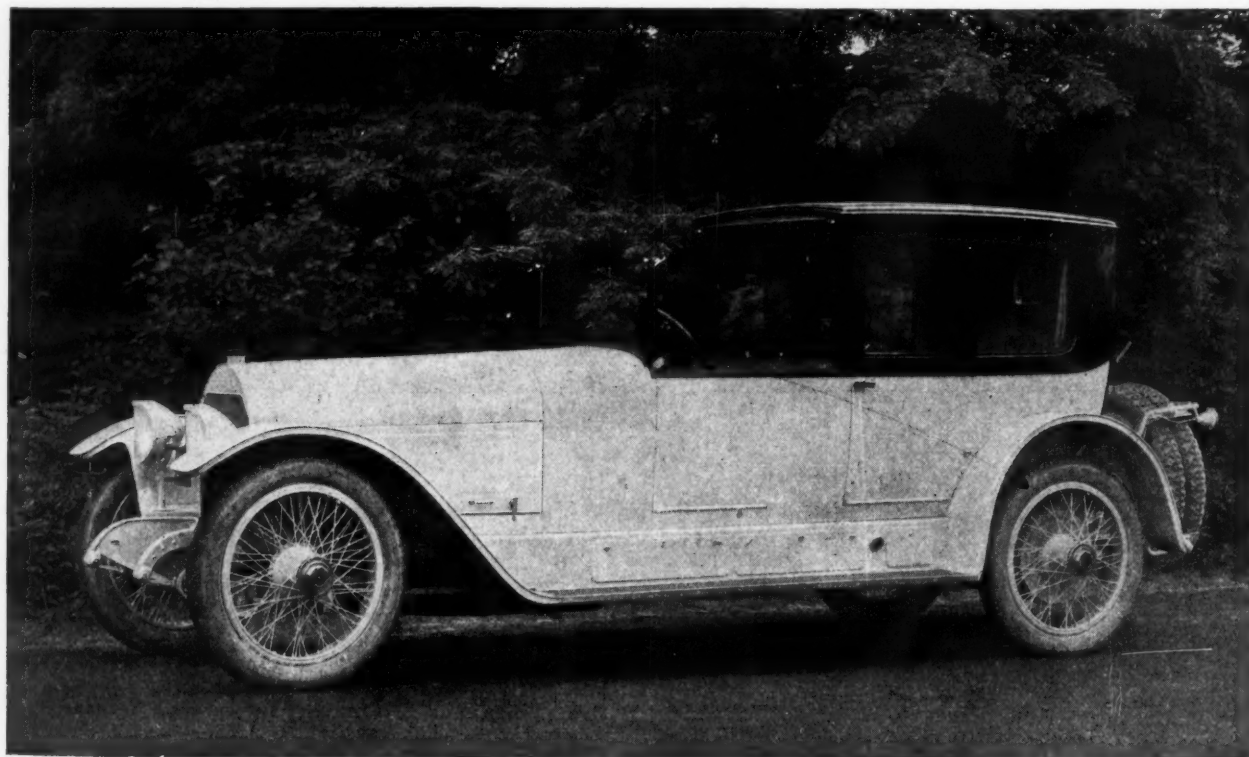
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Special Coupe Limousine Locomobile

A BEAUTIFUL EXAMPLE OF THE FINE MOTOR CAR

Custom design by

The Locomobile Company of America, Bridgeport, Conn.

All Smoking Tobaccos are Flavored

"Your Nose Knows"

The Encyclopaedia Britannica says about the manufacture of smoking tobacco, "... on the Continent and in America certain 'sauces' are employed ... the use of the 'sauces' is to improve the flavour and burning qualities of the leaves." Your smoke-enjoyment depends as much upon the Quality and kind of flavoring used as upon the Quality and aging of the tobacco. Tuxedo tobacco uses the purest, most wholesome and delicious of all flavorings—*chocolate*! That flavoring, added to the finest of carefully aged and blended burley tobacco, produces Tuxedo—the perfect tobacco—"Your Nose Knows."

GUARANTEED TO SATISFY
OR YOUR MONEY BACK



Try This Test: Rub a little Tuxedo briskly in the palm of your hand to bring out its full aroma. Then smell it deep—its delicious, *pure fragrance* will convince you. Try this test with any other tobacco and we will let Tuxedo stand or fall on your judgment—"Your Nose Knows."



Tuxedo

The Perfect Tobacco for Pipe or Cigarette

Guaranteed by
The American Tobacco Co.
INCORPORATED



OUR FOOLISH CONTEMPORARIES



One Sort

Beautiful Ernestine was sobbing as though her heart would break.

"What is it, dear?" asked the girl friend.

"W-why," she sobbed, "I t-told Jack, after he proposed, to go up and see papa."

"What of that?"

"Why, they started playing cards, and now he goes up to see papa every night."

—London Opinion.

Modern Merchandise

KERBSTONE MERCHANT (selling toy tanks, to rival who is monopolizing the trade with his toy artillery guns): Nah, then, Hartillery, lift the barrage an' let the tanks 'ave their chawnee!

—Windsor.

LAWYER (to handsome female defendant): Sob a whole lot, but shed no tears. Nothing will prejudice a jury against you like a red nose and watery eye.

—Boston Globe.

You Cannot Leave Unread

The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse

By VICENTE BLASCO IBANEZ

The greatest novel the war has produced for depth, scope, vision and interest. Its picture of the Marne Battle, critics say, is finer than even Hugo's chapter on "Waterloo." \$1.90 net.

Postage extra. Order of any bookstore or direct from
E. P. DUTTON & CO. 681 Fifth Avenue, New York

Bonbons are ready again

Delicate, creamy—as delicious as ever. Although they had to stop making bonbons for many months during the sugar shortage, the Huyler's candy-makers did not lose their superior cunning. Now, once more, every Huyler agency and store is offering regularly before-the-war assortments.

Ask again for your favorite

Huyler's
NEW YORK
67 Stores—Agencies
almost everywhere

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EGYPTIAN DEITIES

"The Utmost in Cigarettes"
Plain End or Cork Tip

People of culture and
refinement invariably
PREFER Deities
to any other cigarette

Smaragdos

Makers of the Highest Grade Turkish
and Egyptian Cigarettes in the World



An Optimist

LANDLADY: Just when are you going to pay your arrears of room rent?

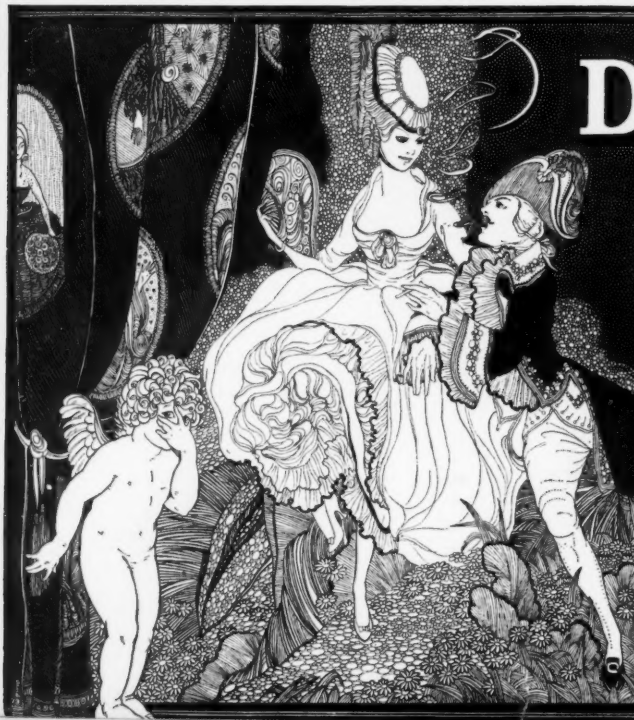
HARD-UP AUTHOR: As soon as I receive the check which the publisher will send me if he accepts the novel I am about to commence when I have found a suitable subject and the necessary inspiration.—Boston Transcript.

IT is no breach of confidence to state that there are practically no annual subscribers to LIFE among the lower and unintelligent classes of American citizens.

Cuticura Soap Best for Baby

Soap 25c. Ointment 25c. & 50c., Talcum 25c. Sample each mailed free by "Cuticura, Dept. B. Boston."

FOR MEN OF BRAINS
Cortez CIGARS
—MADE AT KEY WEST—



UNTIL recently many people figured that they could not afford a fine car. But they figured on a first cost basis, wholly; which world events have proved is a mistake; it is the *result* that counts—not first cost.

The Franklin Car has demonstrated that it is the cost of operation and rate of depreciation that determine the real value of a car.

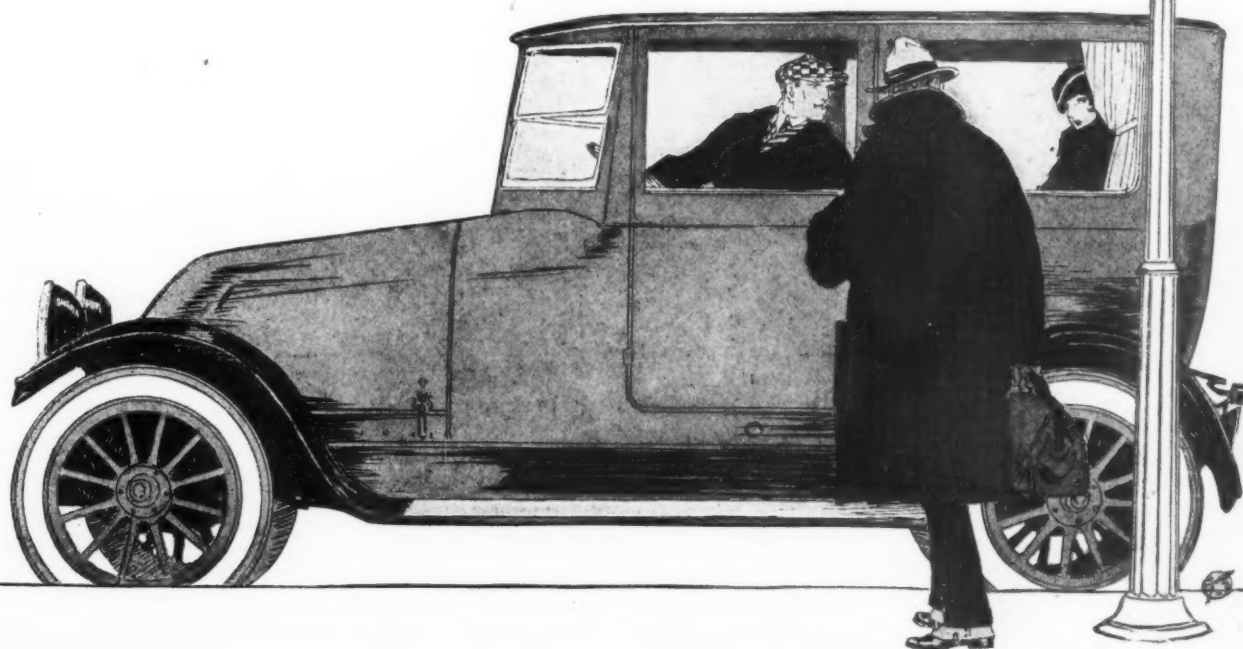
The Franklin owners' day-by-day records of

20 miles to the gallon of gasoline—instead of 10

10,000 miles to the set of tires—instead of 5,000

coupled with 50% slower depreciation than any other fine car, are drawing more and more people to the Franklin.

At the same time, you will find thousands of Franklins owned by people who do not have to count costs, but who want the best. And it is because these astonishing features of economy are associated with other qualities of fineness, resiliency, safety and riding comfort unequaled in any other car.



THE FRANKLIN CAR

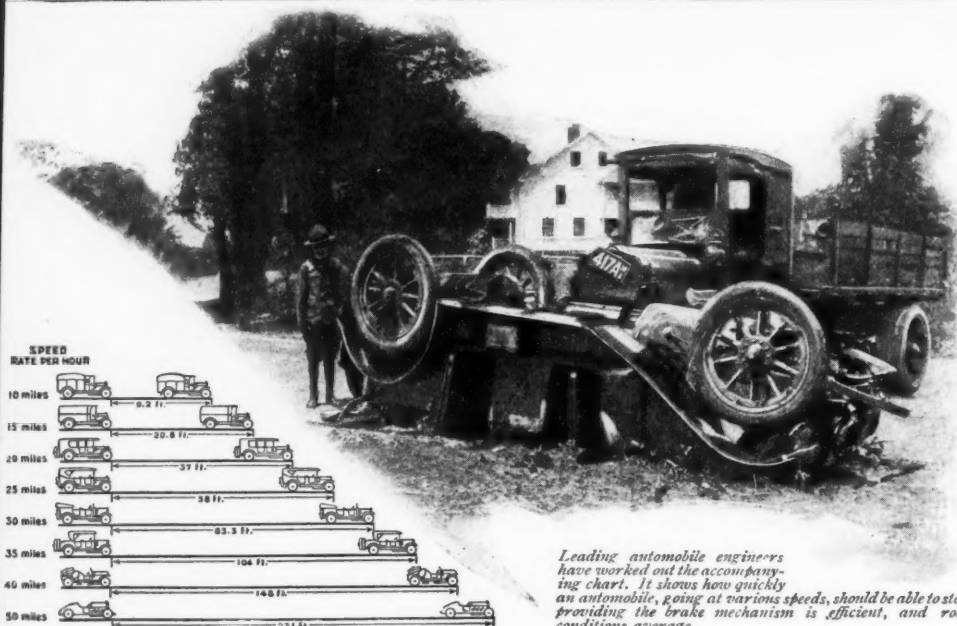
An Inventor and Explosive Expert of International Fame Writes:

"It came over me the other day on a long ride to Boston and return, that this Franklin car of mine was a pretty good job, and that it was up to me to see that the man responsible for it did not go uncredited.

"The car was bought new the first of May, 1916. Since that time it has run 23,300 miles. It

has never broken anything; the valves have never been ground, and it runs today just a little better than it did when new. The set of front tires which came with the car was taken off after running 20,000 miles, and was sold. I grew tired of waiting for them to wear out. The rear tires ran 14,000 to 15,000 miles."

FRANKLIN AUTOMOBILE COMPANY, SYRACUSE, N. Y.



Leading automobile engineers have worked out the accompanying chart. It shows how quickly an automobile, going at various speeds, should be able to stop, providing the brake mechanism is efficient, and road conditions average.

Smashed to splinters!

Yet the car was going only 15 miles an hour

MOST people think of a reckless driver as one who goes streaking along country roads at 50 miles an hour, or shooting through city streets faster than the law allows.

Yet official records show that 76% of all automobile accidents occur when the car is going 15 miles an hour or less. Safety, for yourself and your car, is not a matter of how fast you are going, but how quickly you can stop.

Don't take chances with your safety. The chart printed above shows how quickly your car should stop, at various speeds, if your brakes are in good condition, and working right.

How to avoid accidents

A simple inspection of your brakes at frequent intervals will make them a source of protection instead of danger. Perhaps only a tightening of the brake rods, or an adjustment of the equalizer is all that is needed. Your garage man will know if the brake bands require relining.

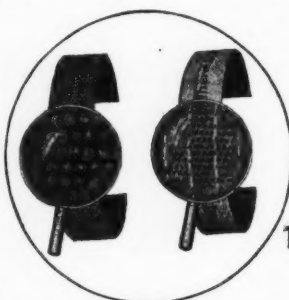
Why Thermoid brake lining is safest and wears longest

In each square inch of Thermoid brake

lining there is 40% more material than in ordinary brake lining. This additional body gives a closer texture which is made tight and compact by hydraulic compression under 2000 lbs. pressure. In addition to this, Thermoid is *Grappalized*, an exclusive process in manufacture which enables it to resist moisture, oil and gasoline.

The close, compact texture of Thermoid so processed causes it to wear down more slowly than ordinary brake lining, and *evenly* so that it maintains its gripping power even when worn to wafer thinness.

Have your brakes inspected today. Remember that every foot of Thermoid is backed by *Our Guarantee*. Thermoid will make good—or WE WILL.



Ordinary woven lining Notice the loosely woven texture. Wears down quickly and unevenly, losing its gripping power as it wears.

Thermoid Hydraulic Compressed Brake Lining Notice the compact texture. Wears down slowly. Gives uniform gripping surface with taper thin.

Thermoid Rubber Company

Factory and Main Offices, Trenton, New Jersey

New York Chicago San Francisco Detroit
Los Angeles Philadelphia Pittsburgh Boston
London Paris Turin

CANADIAN DISTRIBUTORS

The Canadian Fairbanks-Morse Company, Limited, Montreal.

Branches in all principal Canadian cities



Makers of "Thermoid Croilide Compound Casings" and "Thermoid-Hardy Universal Joints"

"Mum"

(as easy to use as to say)

neutralizes odor of perspiration

"Mum" does more—it neutralizes any body odor.

25 cents. Sold by nearly every drug- and department-store.

"Mum" is a trade mark registered in U. S. Patent Office.

"Mum" Mfg Co 1106 Chestnut Street Philadelphia

With a War Savings Stamp

THIS modest token, lady mine,

I send thee for a valentine:

Observe how fitting is its hue—

Truth's own symbolic color, blue;

And, like my love, 'tis single-faced,

And sure to stick when rightly placed.

Nor is it but a transient guest,

But pledged to future interest.

Though chastely fair, its worth is more

Than showier offerings sent before:

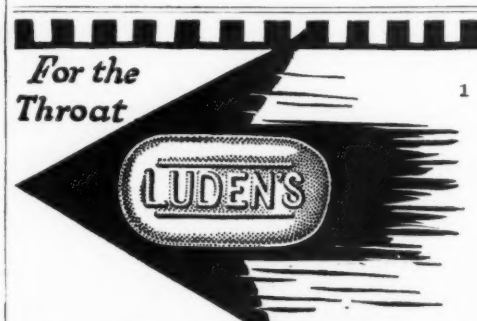
Then, love, accept with smile benign

My patriotic valentine!

Corinne Rockwell Swain.

An optimist looks at an oyster and expects a pearl. A pessimist looks at an oyster and expects ptomaine poisoning.

—New York Evening Sun.

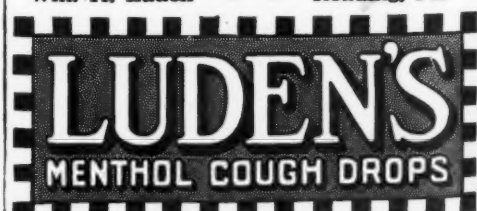


Give Quick Relief

from throat tickle, soreness, dryness and annoying irritations. Sweeten the breath and comfort the mouth. No narcotics, no coloring—safe and pleasant.

In the Luden yellow, sanitary package.

Wm. H. Luden - - Reading, Pa.



His Point Proved

THOMAS had responded to Miss Jenny's call for a summary of the reign of Diocletian. He described it vividly, and added, "They couldn't get the people to be married."

Miss Jenny looked puzzled. "Why, I don't recall seeing that in history."

"Yes'm," Thomas insisted, "right here it says so." And she read, "But in the reign of Diocletian, husbandry was greatly decreased."

The Last Warrior

IT was round about 1989. Old John Cassidy, nigh unto the century mark in years, sat nodding and dozing and dreaming of those far-away days.

He remembered the crystal palaces he had lived in in that ancient time. Rooms with great mirrors and a sparkle with glasses that seemed of magic colors.

Oh! that great war, too, where he had seen men fall like flies, and many drag themselves to the rear, wounded and staggering.

He remembered that deep trench that he tramped for years, it seemed. His feet were always damp, for the water exuded from beneath continually. And he had visions of men sending out calls for help, and red and green rocket-like things singing around his head.

"It was a glorious time, and a glorious fight, and we never quite licked the enemy," he murmured with a smile.

And he smacked his lips and closed his eyes forever. For John Cassidy was the last bartender.

LITTLE Ikey desired a playmate, and he asked his mother where the babies came from. She replied that the stork brought them and that if he wanted a little brother, to put fifteen cents in the window.

A few minutes later little Ikey returned and said, "Mamma, I got nod-dings but twenty-five cents. If I put dot in der vindow vill der stork leaf me two for a quarter?"

PSATTICHUS II was seated on the great throne in the temple of Osiris, with the lovely Hutusab reclining on a cushion at his feet. The occasion was a great one. Suddenly the trumpets sounded a joyous blast as a courier dashed in, bearing to his royal master the weekly copy of LIFE, to which the greatest of the Ptolemies was a regular annual subscriber.



OH, YOU SKINNY!

Why stay thin as a rail? You don't have to! And you don't have to go through life with a chest that the tailor gives you; with arms of childish strength; with legs you can hardly stand on. And what about that stomach that finches every time you try a square meal? Are you a pill-feeder? Do you expect Health and Strength in tabloid form—through pills, potions and other exploited piffle? You can't do it; it can't be done.

The only way to be well is to build up your body—all of it through nature's methods—not by pampering the stomach. It is not fate that is making you a failure; it's that poor emaciated body of yours; your half sickness shows plain in your face and the world loves healthy people. So be HEALTHY—STRONG—VITAL. That's LIVING. Don't think too long; send three 2c stamps to cover mailing expenses of my book. "Promotion and conservation of Health, Strength and Mental Energy," written by the Strongest physical culture instructor in the world.

LIONEL STRONGFORT

Physical and Health Specialist
600 PARK BLDG. NEWARK, N. J.

Pals



PHOTO FROM LIFE

GEM DAMASKEENE RAZOR

Millions of Gems in use

There's an intimate, helpful relationship, a good fellowship where the **GEM Razor** is concerned—for more than twenty-five years the "Pal" of men in all walks of life—valued by those who, by actual experience, know the real meaning of efficient service, the boys in Khaki and Blue.

The separate parts as included in outfit are shown in illustration both inside and outside of case.

Gem Blades take the beard off in a jiffy—so softly you never miss it—so smoothly, well, it's too good to be true—but, try it!

\$1.00 GEM
Outfit
Complete

Includes frame, shaving and stropping handles, and seven Gem Blades in handsome case as illustrated, or in Khaki case for traveling.

Add 50 cents to above price for Canada

Gem Cutlery Company, Inc., New York

Canadian Branch, 591 St. Catherine St., W., Montreal





AMERICA'S
MOST FAMOUS CIGAR

Famous as a delicious
Havana smoke that *never*
gets on your nerves.
Doctors recommend it
—and smoke it too.
Ask for it at the
next cigar counter.

13c
two for a
quarter
smaller
sizes
10c

GIRARD

Never gets on your nerves

Antonio Roig & Langsdorf
Makers :: Philadelphia



ARROW

Troy-Tailored

SOFT COLLARS

In both laundered and soft collars, the Arrow mark is a dependable indicator of satisfactory quality.



WE must have good health if we would enjoy The Pleasures of Life to the highest degree—and good health depends largely on good teeth. Dr. Sheffield's Crème Dentifrice has been an aid to sound, healthy teeth since 1850.

Today it is the result of sixty-nine years of experience and ever increasing success in the manufacture of dental paste. Through the use of only the purest and best ingredients and by constant study of the latest theories as practised in modern dentistry, a more perfect blending of skill and science in dental paste is not obtainable. A better product is not possible at any price.

Dr. Sheffield's Crème Dentifrice has a pleasant, soothing effect on the gums, distributes itself thoroughly and assures clean, white, healthy teeth. It is a delicious and efficient tooth paste that makes constant daily care of the teeth not only a beneficial habit but a pleasure as well. Sold in 10c and 25c tubes. Ask your druggist for

DR. SHEFFIELD'S CRÈME DENTIFRICE

ESTABLISHED 1850

Send 10c in stamps for a medium-size tube, or 25c for full size. Note how pleasantly and thoroughly this exquisite dentifrice does its work. Sheffield Dentifrice Company, 421 Canal St., New York City.



PRIVATE JINKS, WHO WAS DECORATED BY A FRENCH GENERAL, IS WONDERING IF ALGERMAN MURPHY INTENDS KISSING HIM AFTER THE PRESENTATION OF THE LOVING CUP.



FROM UNCLE SAM

Our Own Private Efficiency Test

(Are you doing what you can for humanity? Consider yourself carefully in the light of these questions. Your whole future may be changed by facing them frankly.)

DO you hate yourself? If not, why not?

Can you tell positively and directly why President Wilson went to Europe?

When a bill collector calls, are you able to look him in the eye?

If you are supported by your wife, do you ever wake up early and go through the pockets of her uniform for small change?

If you have a chauffeur, have you ever admitted publicly that he was more incompetent than the chauffeur of a friend?

Have you ever regretted that your responsibilities and your stomach made it inexpedient for you to become a drunkard?

If you were introduced to a system of exercise that you believed would increase your working capacity twenty per cent., would you have the moral courage to refuse to practice it?

Have you ever been influenced by an editorial in a metropolitan paper?

When a friend starts to tell you a humorous story that you have heard many times before, would you let him proceed to the bitter end, and then laugh?

(Answer yes or no to these questions. If you get ninety per cent. of them right, you lose.)

THE BABY: Googly-googly-goo-goo.

THE MOTHER: Yes, indeed, dear, that's the public library.—Dallas News.

Velvet

THE SMOOTHEST SMOKING TOBACCO

There's two things can't be imitated—youthful charm and mellow old age.

Velvet Joe.

VELVET wins because it's *natural*. VELVET is mellow, cool and smooth, because it is naturally aged for two years in wooden hogsheads.

This long ageing makes VELVET as good as pipe tobacco can be made. It is expensive to us, but it is the *right* way.

Don't take our word for it—prove it out in your pipe.

Loggett & Myers Tobacco Co.

Write to Velvet Joe, 4241 Polk Avenue, St. Louis, Mo., for his 1919 Almanac. He will send it FREE.



A father's pledge to his son:



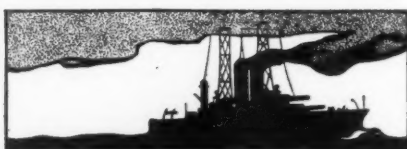
IN this "Fathers and Sons Week" I pledge myself to you, my son, that I shall not forget you in my devotion to business, that I shall interest myself more than before in the things that interest you, that I shall be in truth your best chum; that, as such, I shall seek in every way to bring joy into your life and shield you from false friends who bring but sorrow; that in their place I shall strive to bring you new friends, true friends; that I shall, in particular, and right NOW, bring into our home a friend that will bring you, on each visit, *the entertainment you are entitled to, the information you should have and the inspiration you need*—this dependable, clean friend of half a million other boys, *The American Boy* magazine. I want you to grow up knowing what these other boys know in this world's reconstruction period—these other boys who are finding out in this magazine, in their spare time as boys, things of importance which they never will have time to find out when they become men and are rushed with their work, as Dad is now.

Subscribed to this
day by

Dad

The American Boy costs only \$2.00 a year (though the material it contains would fill twenty-five average books). Order it now for your son, or for some other boy you want to help. Single copies can be bought at stands for 20c.

THE SPRAGUE PUBLISHING CO., 318 American Building, Detroit, Mich.



WHITING-ADAMS BRUSHES

USED BY THE
U. S. ARMY AND NAVY

Used By
**RAILROAD AND STEAMSHIP
COMPANIES**

Used by Manufacturers of
**CARS, AUTOMOBILES,
CARRIAGES**

There are actually several million persons in the United States who are continually using Whiting-Adams Brushes.

Send for Illustrated Literature
JOHN L. WHITING-J. J. ADAMS CO.
Boston, U. S. A.
Brush Manufacturers for Over 108 Years and
the Largest in the World

Oversight of a Great American

TO THE EDITOR OF LIFE—Sir: Has it ever occurred to you that your best friend, namely, William Randolph Hearst, does not carry the notice about sending *Hearst's* and *Cosmopolitan* to the soldiers after the reader has finished with them?

Anyway, would it not be a good thing to ask Mr. Hearst how this has slipped the mind of so great and patriotic an American? Sincerely yours,

M. C.

Los Angeles, Cal., Dec. 17, 1918.

Preparations

TO THE EDITOR OF LIFE—Sir: Say, LIFE, can't you tell us all in an issue of your paper just how gins and wines and beer and whisky were made? We have tasted those good things for years, and we all have a curiosity to know just how they were made. Incidentally, I imagine the issue of LIFE containing that news would have a stupendous sale.

Always for LIFE, yours,

EDWARD HIRT.

Washington, D. C., Jan. 15, 1919.

The Value of a Trained Memory

"I REMEMBER you perfectly," said Mr. Jones, who had just been introduced to Mr. Simps. "But perhaps you do not recall me so readily?"

"I am afraid I do not," admitted Mr. Simps, a bit abashed.

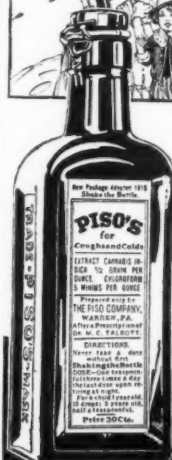
"It was just twenty-eight years ago on the seventeenth of last July," stated Mr. Jones, "at about 9:55 in the forenoon, that I stood next you at the ticket window at the old Pennsylvania station in Washington, D. C. You wore a mustache then, which you do not now, but I cannot be mistaken in your features. I remember your name because I heard you give it to the clerk in mentioning your sleeper reservation. You purchased a ticket to Hanging Limb, Tennessee. You were assigned to lower eleven, in sleeper number two. I chanced to see the number of your ticket: it was A138076W."

Mr. Simps was stricken dumb with amazement.

"You wore a green suit with yellow pin-stripes, a red vest, a blue necktie with cerise polka dots, and tan shoes, which were then just coming into fashion. Your scarf-pin represented a crossed whip and horseshoe, and your watch-charm was a small green pickle about three-quarters of an inch in length."



Its excellence—tested by time—has made its reputation; increased its popularity placed it on the well stocked medicine shelves of American homes. At a druggists—30c bottle.



Contains No Opium
—Safe for Young
and Old

PISO'S
for Coughs & Colds

WRITE A SONG — LOVE, MOTHER
home, childhood, patriotic or any subject. I compose and guarantee publication. Send words today.
Thomas Merlin, 288 Reaper Block, Chicago.

trained
ectly," said
st been in-
But perhaps
adily?"
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years ago
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stocke
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merica
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sts—30c
No Opia
or Young
Old
O'S
& Cold
MOTHE
I compose
today.
Chicago.

"Marvelous!" muttered Sims.
"Marvelous!"
"I recall our conversation perfectly.
In turning, your elbow struck me, and
you exclaimed, 'I beg your pardon!'
To which I replied, 'Don't mention it.'
You then picked up a calfskin bag and
another of gray canvas, of the type
known in those days as a telescope, and
started towards your train, pausing at
the newsstand to buy a copy of *No-
body's Popular Monthly* and five cents'
worth of gum-drops. I have not seen
you from that day to this."
"Incredible!" exclaimed Sims.
"How do you do it?"
Mr. Jones produced a card. "I, sir,
am the inventor of the Jones System
of Intensive Memory Culture. Its
value I demonstrate in my own person.
I could meet you fifty years hence in
New Zealand, and describe accurately
the circumstances of this and our pre-
vious meeting. You can learn the whole
system in five simple lessons, adminis-
tered by mail; price five dollars.
Thereafter, you can pass along a line of
freight cars a mile in length, and easily
remember the number of every car."
"Is it possible!" gasped Sims.
"I have had wonderful success with
my pupils. Why, when I married my
wife—"
Suddenly he stopped and clapped his
hand to his forehead; his gaze became
fixed and wild. "What was it?" he
was heard to mutter, brokenly. Sweat
stood upon his face.
"Is anything the matter?" asked
Sims, anxiously.
"What was it?" moaned the stricken
man, tottering to a seat. "What was it
that my wife told me to bring home
for supper?"
A. F. Harlow.

"The Colts are Coming"



BACK from
the front! One
gigantic task completed,
the great Colt factories turn to
take up another.

The long-deferred home demand, impossible to
meet while "Uncle Sam's Right Arm" was required
in Europe, is our next consideration.

The Colts are coming.

It is no longer necessary to "make something else do."

Essential home protection is **Colt** protection. You want the guarantee of safety
that name on the grip of an automatic pistol or revolver provides. You want
more than a mere shooting iron.

You desire the twin brother of the Colt automatic pistol our boys so
bravely used at Chateau Thierry. Or a Colt revolver that you know is a
direct descendant of that long line of straight-shooting ancestors, whose per-
formance has made luminous pages of history of every struggle of arms
since 1830.

You want a Colt. And you want a Colt because its accuracy, its
dependability, its safety, is what made pos-
sible its illustrious associations.

Have just a little more patience. All the
popular sizes of Colt automatic pistols and
Colt revolvers will be supplied to dealers as
rapidly as possible. Tell your dealer your
requirements to guide him in his orders.

Colt's Patent Fire Arms Mfg. Co.
Hartford, Conn., U. S. A.



"The Proven Best
By Government Test!"

Wooleather Slippers

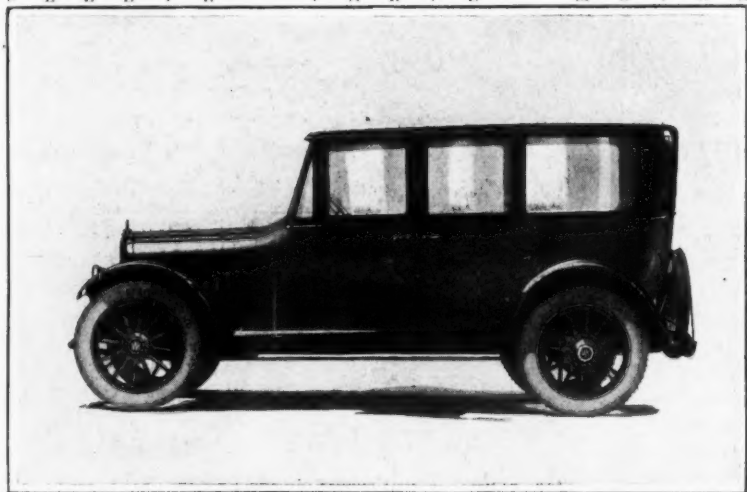
At the bath, dressing, any-
where around the house, at
any season, they give warmth
and comfort. Ankle high, roll-top
uppers cut from whole skins,
lined with the wool on—the thick
soft fleece against the foot. The
slipper that will dry-cleanse. Soft,
pliable pearl leather sole. Men's,
Women's, Misses' and Children's
sizes. \$3.00 by Parcel Post in-
sured. Money back if dissatisfied,
or on approval by express, charges
collect.

R. S. "Wooleather" Co., Inc.
Salem, Mass.

Willys

KNIGHT

S L E E V E V A L V E M O T O R



Willys-Knight Seven Passenger Sedan—Four, \$2750—Eight, \$3475. Touring—Four, \$1725—Eight, \$2750.



Owners of the Willys-Knight cars may differ in the terms they use to express their appreciation of the Sleeve-Valve motor, but their *enthusiasm* is always the same. The outstanding distinction of the Willys-Knight motor is its readiness to serve ungrudgingly at all times regardless of the demands imposed upon it. Owners find it unnecessary to lay up their motors for shop service. The Sleeve-Valve motor runs so continuously and consistently under all conditions, that it has come to be known as the *motor that always runs*. The unvarying satisfaction among Willys-Knight owners grows with the increased mileage of their cars. It is the basis of the significant statement—"Once a Willys-Knight owner, always a Willys-Knight owner."

WILLYS-OVERLAND INC., TOLEDO, OHIO

Willys-Knight Touring Cars, Coupes, Limousines, Overland Motor Cars and Light Commercial Cars

Canadian Factory, West Toronto, Canada